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Title: Taming Dragons

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I have not much to tell about dragons. The sole time I approached one with an eye towards taming it, my initial attempts at calming it met with failure. It fixed a massive beady eye upon me, and began its slithering approach, intending no doubt to insert me into its maw and bear down with its teeth.

However, as I was engaged in what remains to this day the most terrifying combat of my life, the dragon suddenly whirled as if in a panic, ran a short distance, took off into the air, then transformed into a whirlwind. Lastly, it exploded, showering gouts of black blood and heaving, stinking flesh upon miles of countryside. The fireball was massive, enough to light a city, I should surmise.

I never did discover the exact cause of this strange behavior, except to assume that it was not typical for this reptilian species. My best guesses revolve around a magical fracture in the nature of reality, which is far too esoteric a territory for one of my limited

scholarship.

Hence my basic  
advice to those who  
seek to tame a  
dragon-be sure that  
thou hast mastered  
the twin skills of  
taming animals, and  
running away very  
very fast.